

To rot it selfe with motion.

Mef. Caesar I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas* famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea serue them, which they care and wound
With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and fluff youth reuolt,
No Vessell can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone
Taken as scene: for *Pompey's* name strikes more
Then could his Warre resisted.

Caesar. Anthony,
Leaue thy lasciuious Vassalles. When thou once
Was beaten from *Aledena*, where thou flew'st
Hirsin, and *Pausa* Consuls, at thy heele
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
Then Sauages could suffer. Thou did'st drinke
The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat the did daine
The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheers,
The barks of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou did'st eate strange flesh,
Which some did dye to looke on: And all this
(It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)
Was borne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheekes
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pittie of him.

Caes. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did shew our selues i'th Field, and to that end
Assemble me immediate counsell, *Pompey*
Thriues in our Idleness.

Lep. To morrow *Caesar*,
I shall be furnisht to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this present time.

Caes. Til which encounter, it is my busines too. Farwell.

Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you shal know mean time
Offirres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir
To let me be partaker.

Caesar. Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond. *Exeunt*
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian.

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha, giue me to drinke *Mandragora*.

Char. Why Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:
My *Anthony* is away.

Char. You thinke of him too much.

Cleo. O'tis Treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?

Mar. What's your Highnesse pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to heare thee sing. I take no pleasure

In ought an Eunuch ha's: 'Tis well for thee,
That being vnfeminat'd, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?

Mar. Yes gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing

But what in deede is honest to be done:

Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke

What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

Cleo. Oh *Charmion*:

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?

Oh happy horse to beare the weight of *Anthony*!

Do brauely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mou'st?

The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme

And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,

Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nile.

(For so he calls me:) Now I feede my selfe

With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me

That am with *Phoebeus* amorous pinches blacke,

And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Caesar*,

When thou was't heere about the ground, I was

A morsell for a Monarke: and great *Pompey*

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,

There would he anchor his Aspect, and dye

With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Caesar.

Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.

Cleo. How much vnlike art thou *Marke Anthony*?

Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath

With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my braue *Marke Anthony*?

Alex. Last thing he did (deere Quene)

He kist the last of many doubled kisses

This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart.

Cleo. Mine eare must plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:

Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends

This treasure of an Oyster: at whose foote

To mend the petty present, I will peece

Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,

(Say thou) shall call her Mistress. So he nodded,

And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,

Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would haue spoke,

Was beaulty dumbe by him.

Cleo. What was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th' yeare, between extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie.

Cleo. Oh well diuided disposition: Note him,

Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him.

He was not sad, for he would shine on those

That make their looks by his. He was not merrie,

Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay

In Egypt with his ioy, but betwene both.

Oh heavenly mingle! Bee'st thou sad, or merrie,

The violence of either thee becomes,

So do's it no mans else. Mer'st thou my Posts?

Alex. I Madam, twenty seuerall Messengers.

Why do you send so thicke?

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to send

to *Anthony*, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Char-*

mian. Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, e-

uer loue *Caesar* so?

Char. Oh that braue *Caesar*!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,

Say the braue *Anthony*.

Char. The valiant *Caesar*.

Cleo. By Isis, I will giue thee bloody teeth,

If thou with *Caesar* Parago nagaine:

My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

Cleo. My Salad dayes,

When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,

To say, as I saide then. But come away,

Get me Inke and Paper.

he shall haue euery day a seuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeo-
ple Egypt. *Exeunt*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in

warlike manner.

Pom. If the great Gods be iust, they shall assist

The deeds of iustest men.

Mene. Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do de-

lay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are sutors to their Throne, decays

the thing we sue for.

Mene. We ignorant of our selues,

Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powres

Deny vs for our good: so finde we profit

By loosing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:

The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;

My powers are Cressent, and my Auguring hope

Sayes it will come to'th' full. *Marke Anthony*

In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make

No warres without doores. *Caesar* gets money where

He looses hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,

Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,

Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Caesar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,

Amighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where haue you this? 'Tis false.

Mene. From *Silurius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreames: I know they are in Rome together

Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charmes of Loue,

Salt *Cleopatra* softens thy wand lip,

Let Witchcraft toyne with Beauty, Lust with both,

Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts,

Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,

Sharpen with cloylesse sawce his Appetite,

That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,

Euen till a Lethied dulnesse

Enter Varrus.

How now *Varrus*?

Var. This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer:

Marke Anthony is euery houre in Rome

Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis

A space for farther Trauaille.

Pom. I could haue giuen lesse matter

A better care. *Menas*, I did not thinke

This amorous Surferter would haue dork'd his Helme

For such a petty Warre: His Souldiership

Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare

The higher our Opinion, that our stirring

Can from the lap of Egypt's Widdow, plucke

The neere Lust-weari'd *Anthony*.

Mene. I cannot hope,

Caesar and *Anthony* shall well greet together;

His Wife that's dead, did treypasses to *Caesar*,

His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke

Not moud by *Anthony*.

Pom. I know not *Menas*,

How lesser Enmities may giue way to greater,

Were't not that we stand vp against them all:

'Twer pregnant they should square between themselves,

For they haue entertained cause enough

To draw their swords: but how the feare of vs

May Ciment their diuisions, and binde vp

The petty difference, we yet not know:

Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands

Our liues vpon, to vse our strongest hands

Come *Menas*.

Exeunt.

Lep. G.

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